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GEORGE ARNOLD.

November 18th, 1865.

In the sweet stillness of a Summer day
Which softly came to set the Fall aside,
And kiss a Summer brow with Summer pride,
In silent grief we laid our friend away.
A smile still lingered on his youthful face,
Where not a line but some strange beauty showed,
Where all the splendor of his nature glowed,
And Death, from life, had sculptured every grace.
The ritual of the grave remained unsaid,
All parting utterance seemed out of place;
We scarce could feel as yet our GEORGE was dead,
And sought in vain his memory to trace:
So passed the hour in sweet and holy calm,
Each thought a prayer, and every word a psalm.

H. C., JR.

(*From the London Athenæum.*)

"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND."

A new novel by the greatest novelist living is not to be dismissed with a few jaunty phrases of rapture, or of qualification; for a simple yet serious reason. Those who, with understanding, as distinct from that wonderment which belongs to the foolish face of praise, have followed Mr. Dickens throughout his career of authorship, cannot fail to have perceived that time and success have not made him careless,—whether as concerns his art, his public, or himself. As little have they spoilt, or dimmed, or turned aside his quick sympathies, his power of minute observation, his keen desire to advocate what he deems right, his wondrous force of hand and color as a painter in words. Every true and conscientious man becomes increasingly solicitous on these points with time and success. The boy may dash off a brilliant sketch as a matter of course: the ripe artist will ponder over his coming picture. But may he not ponder too long and over-solicitously? This question, we fancy, may be asked with respect to "Our Mutual Friend." Only the other day its author gave us that French story of "Little Bebelle," one of the most exquisite pieces of pathos in fiction, the value of which will be best tested by comparing it with Sterne's Shandy-isms. Only yesterday, out of a dingy street in the Strand, from no more promising place than a lodging-house, the artist by a touch brought to light a homely, loving fellow-creature, worthy to "sit above the salt" among the best of the best; *Mrs. Lirriper*—as real "a being of the mind" as *Mr. Pickwick*, as *Mrs. Gamp*, as the *Micawbers*,—as any of the long line of living creatures called up by the novelist, whom we know intimately, in all their strength and weakness, and whose deeds and sayings have passed into household words.

If, therefore, we say that, during its course of fragmentary publication, "Our Mutual Friend" has raised more question than certain of its predecessors, the circumstance arises from the nature of the story, and not because the fountain of variety shows signs of exhaustion. None of the series is so intricate in plot as this tale. It would be wasted labor to detail or analyze a chain of events which every one has already handled. Enough to state our conviction, that the closest attention is required to hold certain of its connecting links. From the first number it was evident to us that the murdered John Harmon was not murdered, but had set himself down in the household of the wife allotted to him by a fantastic will, for the purpose of testing her real nature. The circumstances of the deed, which led to his shipmate Radfoot being mistaken for, and murdered with, himself, are mistily revealed in the long soliloquy during which he determines on the renunciation of his identity. Some incompleteness, referable to partial recollection, may have been an intentional stroke of art on the novelist's part—may belong to the nature of the catastrophe, but it produces an impression of uncertainty. Then, again, the complications of the story may have necessitated sharp turns and surprises, which bear unfavorably on some of the characters. We fancy the conversation of Bella Wilfer, the capricious beauty longing for wealth and emancipation from her portentous mother and shrewish sister, to be somewhat too sudden,—even though it did grow out of her dismal experience of the simulated avarice overgrowing Mr. Boffin. This avarice, again, however adroitly devised and minutely wrought out as a piece of masquerade, leading to a final surprise for which no one can have been prepared, has, of necessity, implied the introduction of some elements discordant with those of the character of forcibly conceived and broadly sketched. The honest, truthful Boffin of the Mounds, whose simple right-mindedness virtually overruled his wretched old miser-master who had the fortune to leave, might have been led by his desire to right what was wrong and to regenerate what was defective, to connive in the scheme of amending the coquetries of Bella, the oddly-designated bride of the great fortune; but his inability to carry such a long-drawn piece of subtle comedy through, we beg (respectfully to our great novelist) to question. And we are satisfied that so great hearted a man should not on any excuse of plot or plan whatsoever, or any desire to "lead on" a miserable knave to the full display of his greed and knavery, have been submitted to the degradation of the scene with Wegg, after the discovery of old Harmon's second will, in the house of the anatomical curiosity-monger. That which belongs and befits a detective policeman, apt at disguises as *Mr. Bucket*, of never-to-be-forgotten memory, sits ill on an honest, ignorant, affectionate creature, such as he is. And though we love Mrs. Boffin, the comfortable and instinctively-delicate woman (one of Mr. Dickens's most genial creations), with all our hearts, we cannot but feel as if we owed her a grudge for her connivance. Truth and nature are here strained, in subservience to the requirements of literary art.

We fancy that the necessity of conducting an unusually large crowd of characters through a maze of unusual intricacy has told on other of the personages of the story. Harmon, its hero, is, by his position, betwixt light and dark, inevitably partially effaced. Bella, the coquettish daughter of Mrs. Wilfer the stupendous, is capitally touched in the chameleon hues of her character, and royally righted at last; but during a large part of the tale she keeps us in a state of perpetual uneasiness, hardly justifying the love she is described as inspiring. Then Lizzie Hexam, though not precisely a sketch, has not substance enough for the place she is expected to fill in the reader's interest. Lastly, we cannot conceive the possibility of a man so holy, humble, affectionate and beneficent as Riah the Hebrew, on any grounds of compact, obligation or sophistry, lending himself, one hour after it was known, to the hypocritical wickedness of such a tyrant as Fledgeby, the usurer, the meanest creature (this is saying much) as yet created by the hand that painted the money-lenders in "Nickleby," and *Brass*, and *Krook*, and *Fagin*, and *Uriah Heep*. The explanation made by him at last to the little weird doll's dressmaker, shows us that Mr. Dickens has felt the necessity of some explanation, which is insufficient to convince us. We cannot but be reminded by it of an awkwardness, somewhat similar, in Miss Edgeworth's "Ormond,"—a tale expressly undertaken by her in atonement for what had been represented to her as too wholesale a depreciation of a people against whom "every man has his hand."

Thus much by way of qualification—or call it speculation rather—concerning a novel which gains immensely by being perused with

out "stop, let, or hindrance." On returning to the characters, that of Bradley Headstone, the schoolmaster, dogged, sensual, unready,—his tremendous passions compressed by the responsibilities and respectabilities of his position, takes the foremost place among them as an original conception. Brightfully though he suffers, even though when he confronts Wrayburn, his *poco-curante* rival, there is a show of reason and of championship on his side, there is no possibility of any one's feeling a moment's pity on his behalf, so utterly is the master-desire of his life rendered unlovable by the forms in which it is clad. There have been many murders, and many pictures of remorse in novels; and none more powerful than the pages in which we were shown the wanderings of *Bill Sykes*, and the slinking home of *Jonas Chuzzlewit*, after his bloody deed in the wood; but Mr. Dickens has exceeded even those in the scene where the wretched criminal, tortured by the rebuking consciousness of his having failed in his diabolical design, is dogged and dragged back to the fatal spot by his hideous confident. Nothing can be more masterly as a display of blank, inevitable retribution and wretchedness. Redeeming touch there is none about Bradley Headstone; even the concealed love for him of the soft-hearted, prim little schoolmistress, delicately indicated as it is, fails to furnish it.

To change the fancy,—the author of "Pickwick" never revelled among richer whimsies than are to be found in the comic parts of the tale; in the Veneering household, and the guests assembled by it. The mistress of the mansion and of the camels on the dinner-table, with her readiness to weep, her stupid sentimentalities about "Baby," her inane admiration of the prancing gossip of that old mechanical harridan, Lady Tippins, because the same passes with her as a fashionable pearl of great price,—the portentious Podsnap, who knocks down argument by British sentiments, and laconic, insolent dogmatism,—the civil, misty, nobly-connected old Twemlow (who would be a true gentleman, every inch of him, were he not a little too promiscuously willing to sit at anybody's feast),—the pair of lawyers, Mortimar and Eugene (whose sincerity of attachment one for the other is not the worst point in the book),—the *supers* (as they say on the stage) Boots and Brewer,—are all new people in print, whom every dinner-out has met every week of his life in private.

The vivacity and variety of this division of the novel are admirable. But when talking of dinners in "Our Mutual Friend," we must not forget the most incomparable dinner of all, that of the newly married couple, Bella and John, at Greenwich, for the sake of the sentimental waiter, "the young man on liking, so ignominiously thrust aside by the arch-potentate in waiting, who conceived that he had alone a right to the solemn monopoly of the secret of the day.

We must stop,—though touches and traits rise on us by the hundred, justifying what has been said, that "Our Mutual Friend," is one of Mr. Dickens's richest and most carefully-wrought books. If we demur to Wegg and to Miss Jenny Wren as to a pair of eccentrics approaching that boundary-line of caricature toward which their creator is, by fits, tempted, we cannot recall anything more real, more cheering, than the sketch of the Milveys,—clergyman and clergyman's wife, both so unconscious in their self-sacrificing virtue and goodness, yet the two so capitally discriminated by the extra touch of zeal and briskness (and suspicion of the Jews) on the woman's part. It might be suggested that too much space is given to the impostor couple, the Lammles, and their designs on Podsnap's poor, foolish little daughter; but again, how capitally thrown in to the woman's part is its scrap of shame and of remorseful feeling! Her figure, ere she quits the scene, unconsciously sketching on the table-cloth with her parasol, is not to be forgotten, as marked by that attitude and occupation.

Enough, then, has been said to indicate in what point of view we conceive this novel may be regarded, and to prove that, on its being read and read again, every lover of types of human character, every student of Art in fiction, every man who has "humor" in his soul will find, each and all, enjoyment. If, as regards broad outline, there are former stories by Mr. Dickens which we prefer,—if, among his tales, we rank the highest "David Copperfield," which includes, so to say, neither plot nor surprise,—"Our Mutual Friend" must be signalized for an accumulation of fine, exact, characteristic detail, such as would suffice to set up in trade for life a score of the novel-spinners who give us situations without motives, scenes without characters, words without thoughts, and the dialogue, not of real life, but of melo-drama.

(*For the Saturday Press.*)

SAYINGS OF JOSH BILLINGS.

I hav finally cum tew the konklusion that thaare aint truth enuff in the world, just now, to do the blaznes with, and if sum kind ov kompromize cant be had, the Devil might az well step in, and run the consarn at onst.

I always advise short sermons, espeshily on a hot Sunday. If a minister kant strike ile in boreing 40 minutes, he has either got a poor gimblet, or else he is a boreing in the rong plase.

Dont tell the world yure sorrows, enny more than you would tell them your shame.

Philosophers are like graveyards—they take all things just az they come, and give them a decent burial and a suitable epitaff.

Enny boddy kan tell whare lightning struck last, but it takes a smart man tew find out whare it is a going tew strike nex time—this iz one ov the differences between larning and wisdom.

Sailors heave the led for the purpose ov finding the bottom, not for the purpose ov going thare—it is sum so with advise; men should ask for it, not so mutch for the purpos ov follering it, az for the purpose ov strengthing their own plans.

I have got a fust rate reckolekshun, but no memory—I kan rekolekot distinctly ov loseing a 10 Dollar bill onse, but I kant remember whare, to save mi life.

There is men ov so mutch learning and im pudence, they wouldn't hesitate tew criticise the song ov a bird.

Hogs hav an excellent ear for musik—but it takes a dog tew pitch the tune.

I hav seen men as full ov indecision as an old barn, alwus reddy, but didn't know edzactly which way to pitch.

Thare iz sum folks whose thoughts kant be controled:—they are like twins, they kant be had, nor they kant be stopped.

Most ennyboddy kan write poor sense, but thare aint but few that kan write good nonsense—and it almos takes an eddykated man tew appreciate it after it iz writ.

(*From the Round Table.*)

GEORGE ARNOLD.

Greenwood, November 13, 1865.

We stood around the dreamless form
  Whose strength was so untimely shaken,
Whose sleep not all our love could warm,
  Nor any dearest voice awaken;

And while the Autumn breathed her sighs
  And dropped a thousand leafy glories,
And all the pathways, and the skies,
  Were mindful of his songs and stories,

Nor failed to wear the mingled hues
  He loved, and knew so well to render,
But wooed—alas, in vain!—their Muse
  For one more tuneful lay and tender:

We paused awhile—the gathered few
  Who came, in longing, not in duty—
With eyes that full of weeping grew,
  To look their last upon his beauty.

Death would not rudely rob that face,
  Nor dim its fine Arcadian brightness,
But gave the lines a clearer grace,
  And sleep's repose, and marble's whiteness.

And, gazing there on him so young,
  We thought of all his ended mission,
The broken links, the songs unsung,
  The love that found no ripe fruition:

Till last the old, old question came
  To hearts that beat with life around him,
Why Death, with downward torch aflame,
  Had searched our number till he found him?

Why passed the one who poorly knows
  That blithesome spell for either fortune,
Or mocked with lingering menace those
  Whose pains the final thrust importune:

Or left the toiling ones who bear
  The crowd's neglect, the want that presses,
The woes no human soul can share,
  Nor look, nor spoken word, confesses?

And from the earth no answer came,
  The forest wore a stillness deeper,
The sky and lake smiled on the same,
  And voiceless as the silent sleeper.

And so we turned ourselves away,
  By earth and air and water chidden,
And left him with them, where he lay,
  A sharer of their secret hidden.

And each the staff and shell again
  Took up, and marched with memories haunted;
But henceforth, in our pilgrim strain,
  We'll miss a voice that sweetly chaunted!

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

OUTWARD BOUND.

The West is flaming red
As we drift into the stream,
The parting words with friends are said,
And seaward all our canvas spread,
I sail as in a dream.

I hate the moon so clear,
I wish the placid sea
Would rage, for in the city there,
Now grown so dim in the evening air,
Lies all that's dear to me.

D. D.

For the Saturday Press.)

ON OUR PATRONYMICS.

It was Miss Juliet Capulet, I believe, who first propounded the startling interrogatory—"What's in a name?"—and Mr. Montague probably being compelled to "give it up," she answers her own question, woman-like, with the assertion that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," thereby intending to imply, doubtless, that there was *nothing* in a name. Now, this may have been all very fine in talking to the aristocratic Mr. Montague, who was one of the real "F. F. V's," as his name sufficiently indicates; but does any one suppose that she would have discoursed in the same strain to Mr. John Smith, or Peter Jones, or that she would not have turned up her pretty little nose at the idea of becoming Mrs. Rodgers?

Philosophize as you may, about the unimportance of names, there *is* a good deal in them; and a man's name is about the most important thing he inherits in this world. If there be no advantage in a fine-sounding name, why is it that all the heroes and beautiful people in novels get the De Courcy's and Fitz Arthur's, while the common people are dabbed Brown, Smith or Jones, in order that their plebeian origin may not be mistaken? The fact is, there is a natural affinity in one's mind between a fine-sounding name and a fine-looking person; and although the least experienced is aware of the fallacy of the impression, it still exists, nevertheless. Hear the names of the women mentioned, one of which shall be Florence Percy, and the other Jerusha Scroggs, and you at once instinctively classify them in your own mind—the former as a pink of beauty, and the other as a wall-flower of ugliness.

With a woman, however, her family-name is not a matter of so much importance; as she possesses both the right and the inclination to get rid of it as soon as possible, and assume a new one prefixed with a "Mrs." Mrs. Gerald-Fitz-Gerald, *née* Rodgers, may occasionally be shocked by the sound of her family cognomen, but she does not have "Rodgers" thrust into her face every time she is addressed. But Rodgers *fils*, having been duly labelled and sent out into the world, must forever be called by the unfortunate name of his ancestors, notwithstanding his aristocratic feelings revolt at the very sound thereof. It is true there have been gentlemanly adventurers, who for various causes have discarded the name of their ancestors, and donned a more pleasing or convenient title; but as they have generally sooner or later figured in the police reports as Jones *alias* Thompson *alias* somebody else, their example can not be commended for imitation.

J. F. G.

(From the London Saturday Review.)

PIETY OUT OF PLACE.

It is considered, among an immense number of people, a certain sign of true piety and devoutness to foist in sacred names and Scriptural allusions on the slightest provocation, or even without any provocation at all. To talk in the dialect of an ancient Hebrew or a Scotch Covenanter is the "note" of the elect. The incongruity of the image or the inappropriateness of the occasion is not the smallest obstacle. One would think, for instance, that an erotic ode is the very last place in which to expect any talk about heavenly things. To combine the slightly heterogeneous styles of Anacreon and Dr. Watts seems a feat which nobody would be particularly eager to execute. Yet there is one celebrated personage so determined to make religion popular that he does not even shrink from working it into a sort of hymenæal song. An epithalamium with the fag-end of a hymn tacked on to its conclusion is really not a bad example of this strange tendency among the truly pious and regenerate to thrust in religion at every turn. We do not often see it in so exaggerated a form, but characteristics are best observed on a large scale. Need we say that it is Mr. Spurgeon to whom we are indebted for this grotesque composition? Nobody but he would ever have thought of mixing the style of "Verses to Chloe" with the style of "Jerusalem, our happy home," and publishing the unique result in a religious journal noted, as we are told, for "sound, searching, practical divinity." A certain morning newspaper, long famous for its great erudition and singular delicacy of taste, declares that "there is not only in this poetic effusion from the most popular preacher of the age overflowing conjugal affection, but fine ideas and beautiful imagery." And then, with an enthusiastic burst—"Thrice happy would ever married home be did the same feelings glow in the bosom of every husband as those which are here so felicitously expressed by Mr. Spurgeon in relation to the partner of his life." This singularly terse and neat eulogy—quite up to the mark of Sam Weller or Mrs. Gamp—naturally fills the reader with expectation, and sends him eager to the verses themselves in which the most popular preacher of the age felicitously expresses his conjugal affections in relation to the partner of his life. We may have some misgivings as to the exact propriety of people felicitously expressing their conjugal affections in relation to their wives in religious magazines. But perhaps this is a foolish squeamishness on our part. The Anacreontic verses are entitled "Married Love—To my Wife," and are dated from Hull, the inhabitants of which town were lately so fortunate as to have an opportunity of sitting under Mr. Spurgeon. The first stanza is a trifle obscure, perhaps:—

Over the space which parts us, my wife,
I'll cast me a bridge of song,
Our hearts shall meet, O joy of my life,
On its arch unseen but strong.

The arch of what? If "its" refers to the bridge of song, why should it be called "unseen?" The strength, however, is speedily visible. Mr. Spurgeon first compares himself to a stream, then distinguishes himself from a swallow, and from a wooer, and from a water-color painting, and from glittering dewdrops. As his friendly but Gampish critic remarks, the poem really abounds with fine ideas and beautiful imagery:—

E'en as the stream forgets not the sea,
But hastes to the ocean's breast,
My constant soul flows onward to thee
And finds in thy love its rest.

The swallows must plume their wings to greet
New summers in lands afar;
But dwelling at home with thee I meet
No winter my year to mar.

The wooer his new love's name may wear
Engraved on a precious stone;
But in my heart thine image I bear,
That heart has been long thine own.

The glowing colors on surface laid,
Wash out in a shower of rain;
Thou need'st not be of rivers afraid,
For my love is dyed ingrain.

And as ev'ry drop of Garda's lake
Is tinged with the sapphire's blue;
So all the powers of my mind partake
Of joy at the thought of you.

The glittering dewdrops of dawning love
Exhale as the day grows old,
And fondness taking the wings of a dove,
Is gone like a tale of old;

But mine for thee from the chambers of joy,
With strength came forth as the sun,
Nor life nor death shall its force destroy,
For ever its course shall run.

The statement that "all the powers of my mind partake of joy at the thought of you"—how remarkably naturally, by the way, the poetry runs into the form of prose!—is rather striking. It is usual to divide the mind into the Will, the Understanding, and the Emotions, and only one division of the mental powers is supposed to be able to partake of joy. But Mr. Spurgeon's mind is no doubt constructed on original principles. We cannot expect the most popular preacher of his age to have a mere common mind, like poor vulgar mortals. So *all* the powers of his mind are susceptible of joy. And what a mind it is! The colossal joy thus powerfully described, each particular faculty—Memory, Discrimination, Retentiveness, Identification, and the rest—shouting in gigantic ecstacy, fills one with an awe such as Ulysses might have felt when he beheld Polyphemus merry over his cups. The thought is overwhelming. Mr. Spurgeon's skill in the mechanism of versification is quite surprising to those who have only thought of him as a learned and thoughtful divine. The lines trip on like the best of Tom Moore's. And the rhymes are unexceptionable, particularly in the last stanza but one, where "grows old" corresponds to "of old." We defy the most snappish and ill-conditioned of critics to say that *old* does not rhyme with *old*. Our only fear is that Mr. Spurgeon's facility in the composition of amorous poetry may endanger his popularity with the saints of the Tabernacle. These charming gambols, this talk of glittering dewdrops, and "love dyed ingrain," and the wooer's precious stone, must surely strike the converted man, who has thrown out the old Adam, as sadly frivolous and worldly. It is quite as unregenerate as the writings of the reprobate Prior. What is the difference between Mr. Spurgeon's style and this, for instance?—

The pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink and blushing rose
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

But Mr. Spurgeon knows what he is about. The main part of his poem does, it may be admitted, exhibit a spirit of levity rather deplorable in such a man. It has too much of the ring of a valentine about it. Printed on a piece of laced paper, and with one or two very slight verbal alterations, it would do capitally for the next 14th of February. But, as we have said, Mr. Spurgeon knows that even a valentine, in the circle where he is read and admired, would be thought to be redeemed from its essential wickedness if it were seasoned by a little pious talk. To say simply, "The rose is red, the violet's blue, the pink is sweet and so are you," would be frivolous and worldly, and unseemly beyond expression. But tack on to it something from "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," and it instantly becomes a felicitous effusion of holy joy in relation to a future partner of your life. So Mr. Spurgeon winds up his amorous song as follows:—

All earthborn love must sleep in the grave,
To its native dust return;
What God hath kindled shall death outbrave,
And in Heaven itself shall burn.

Beyond and above the wedlock tie
Our union to Christ we feel,
Uniting bonds which were made on high
Shall hold us when earth shall reel.

Though He who chose us all worlds before,
Must reign in our hearts alone,
We fondly believe that we shall adore
Together before His throne.

To an ordinary person there is something uncommonly startling in this sudden appendix of the hymn to the valentine. But to anybody accustomed to the usages of pious circles it is quite a familiar device. Show as much as you like of what they call worldliness or self-indulgence or frivolity, but let it be served with a sauce of godly phraseology, and your character is quite safe. Mr. Spurgeon has managed the mixture admirably. He has not spoiled the worldly portion by clumsily infusing the heavenly into it. The union is merely mechanical, and not chemical. Those who prefer it may take the purely erotic part without having it spoilt by the incongruous religious part. Nobody would ever suppose, while he was in the midst of all the fine things about sapphires blue and early dewdrops and young wooers, that there was a pious tag to come. So our enjoyment is not impaired. In like manner we can take the good part by itself. The statement that something "shall hold us when earth shall reel" would be better probably if it were more grammatical. But the modest piety and reverence of the sentiment are evident. The people who quarrel about grammar are the same miserable cynics who would very likely think that, on the whole a "great popular preacher" would do well to keep the overflowings of his conjugal affections to his own fireside. This is one of the notions which curse men suffering from that serious misfortune, "a college education." They get to think that it is not very decorous to summon the whole British public to listen to the sweet nothings you have to say to the partner of your joys. A great parade of combined uxoriousness and religion is not considered nice by those whom Mr. Spurgeon has happily held up to never-dying ridicule by saying that they have learnt Greek. Poor misguided wretches! But is it not rather to be suspected that he has himself been reading Anacreon? Even if it be so, we are quite sure he has not contaminated his mind by reading that lively author in the original tongue, and probably there is no harm to the sound religion of a man who ventures no nearer the fatal language than a "crib."

But Mr. Spurgeon is not the only public character who tries to make religious talk a part of daily life. It seems that Mr. Montgomery, the actor, has taken the Nottingham theatre; so he issued an opening address, enumerating the various attractions which he proposed to offer for the entertainment of his patrons. But this was not enough. The worldlinessof a dramatic programme stands as much in need of being vanished by religion as the amatory ode. "Recognized as our profession is," says Mr. Montgomery, with theatrical grandiloquence, "by the highest in the land, we have little to fear from the clouded intellects and narrow prejudices of a limited few; but even they shall be convinced, if they will come among us, that there is nothing inconsistent in following our profession and wearing *the light yoke of that Lord of love who stilled the rolling waves of Galilee.*" How amazingly gratuitous! Then, to make bad worse, some local divine anathematized the coupling of the programme with this religious talk as "immoral and blasphemous." One can scarcely go this length, but still it would be hard to imagine a piece of worse taste than to combine in one document the rather incongruous statements that the boxes had been newly decorated, that every attention should be paid to the scenery and costumes, and that the actors all wore "the light yoke," &c. If we are not mistaken, it was Mr. Montgomery who a few weeks ago announced in his bills of the Haymarket Theatre that "among the actresses would be found *some of the loveliest women in England.*" At Nottingham people are probably not so alive to the force of this recommendation. The provinces are more open to religion considerations. Mr. Montgomery is very wise in varying his attractions—lovely women in one place, and the light yoke in another. Suppose a doctor were to advertise himself on the same principle, asserting that the old proverb, *Ubi tres medici ibi duo athei* was a vile calumny, and that, if anybody would come to him, they would see the compatibility between selling pills and draughts and feeling pulses, and wearing "the light yoke," &c. What can be more objectionable than this ruthless ostentation of piety in season and out of season, whether by players or preachers?

(*From the London Saturday Review.*)

THE EARLY QUAKERS.*

We do not know what either the writer or the subjects of this volume would say to our confession that, before we opened it, we set it down as a novel. "The Fells of Swarthmoor Hall"—the only portion of the above long title page which appears outside—had a romantic sound about it. The "Fells" might either be rocks or men, but in either case our carnal mind looked for a story. On opening the volume, we saw our mistake. The Fells are a family of that name, and Swarthmoor Hall is no creation of romance, but a genuine English manor-house, in which the Fells dwelt. It is situated in the district of Furness, that detached part of Lancashire which looks as if it ought naturally to belong to Cumberland. Swarthmoor had been part of the possessions of Furness Abbey, but in the middle of the seventeenth century belonged to Thomas Fell, called Judge Fell. His principal judicial office (for he held several) was that of one of the Judges of North Wales and Chester. He married Margaret Askew, described as a descendant of Anne Askew the martyr. Margaret became a Quaker, and, after her husband's death, she married George Fox, the apostle of her sect. The history of the Fell family thus becomes closely connected, or rather identical, with the early history of the Society of Friends. To members of that Society, the book must have all the charms of a martyrology. To the ordinary reader it is apt to get wearisome in parts, for of course no special interest is felt in the Fells as Fells, but only so far as their doings and sufferings throw any light on the history of the time. To the author, the book is in every way creditable. She naturally writes as a partisan, and is anxious to make the best case she can for her own people. But she never falls into the least degree of cant or extravagance. Dealing, as she does, with the saints and heroes of her own persuasion, she has the good sense to keep her admiration within the bounds of discretion. Impartiality we do not look for in such a case, but it is something to find a book on such a subject which never becomes silly or offensive. It would be well if ecclesiastical biography had always been written in as rational and moderate a style.

Two or three recent books have called some degree of attention to the present state of "the people called Quakers." It is not long since a prize was offered, we forget by whom, for the best essay on the causes of their religious decay. The Society then, we suppose, is, by the admission of its own most zealous members, confessedly fallen from its first love. Such a fall is not to be wondered at. Quakerism, as a theological system, consists mainly in the refusal to conform to certain practices which other sects of Christians look on as always innocent, and in some cases obligatory. The Quaker sees deadly sins in various legal and social usages which do not trouble the conscience of anybody else. He objects to all religious ceremonies, even to those two Sacraments which Christians of all other ways of thinking hold to be of divine appointment. But the very denial of ceremony has itself become ceremonial. Other people take off their hats and say "you," as a matter of course, without thinking about it, and without any consciousness that they are performing a ceremony. The Quaker, who makes a conscience of wearing his hat and saying "thou," is the real ceremony-monger. If it really be true that a Quaker and his wife, when at a distance from any other of the faithful, hold a religious meeing by sitting for a while in their own dining-room, hated, bonneted, and silent, we can

* *The Fells of Swarthmoor Hall and their Friends, with an Account of their Ancestor, Anne Askew, the Martyr.* A Portraiture of Religious and Family Life in the Seventeenth Century, compiled chiefly from Original Letters and other Documents, never before published. By Maria Webb. London: A. W. Bennett. 1865.

only say that such a system does, in point of attachment to ceremony, fairly beat anything devised by monks, Pharisees, or Brahmins. Quakerism, no doubt, in its first estate, had other elements in it besides these negative ones. But these negative usages are what most forcibly strike the outsider, and it is hardly possible but that the ordinary Quaker, must, to say the least, lie under a great temptation to prefer them to the weightier matters of the law. A system of which doctrines of this kind form, at all events, a prominent portion, is apt, when it becomes at all dead, to become very dead indeed.

The early Quakers were no doubt widely different, and that their system had something attractive about it is plain from the fact that they then made proselytes in abundance. Now-a-days we hear of people turning Quakers about as often as we hear of their turning Jews. Indeed, we are not sure whether modern Quakerism has so much as a solitary Lord George Gordon to boast of. It was very different in the seventeenth century. Mad as George Fox seems to us, mad as he probably was, his teaching was accepted by people who certainly were not mad. It was accepted by several clergymen, both Episcopal and Presbyterian, who gave up their preferments to embrace a system which knocked every sort of priestly privilege on the head. It was accepted by men and women of good position and of otherwise rational behavior. Margaret Fell herself gives no sign of lunacy, unless it be in marrying her prophet when she had reached the age of fifty-five. The elder and the younger Barclay, the soldier and the scholar, were proselytes still more honorable, and the fame of William Penn is known to all men. A system which such people adopted could not have been so irrational as it looks to us at first sight. To be sure, as Lord Macauley says, Fox prophesied nonsense, and Barclay translated it into sense; but there must have been something more than one sees at first to make such a man as Barclay undertake such an office. Were men so utterly sick of the disputes of Popes, Bishops, and Presbyters, of controversies about transubstantiation and consubstantiation, that they were ready to seek refuge in a system which relieved them from such questions even at the cost of giving up all priesthood and all sacraments whatsoever? However this be, we have the fact that Quakerism, a system now purely stagnant, did then make many proselytes, and many of them proselytes of whom no religious communion need be ashamed, But this proselytizing spirit made a wide difference between Quakers then and Quakers now.

The Quakers now are the most harmless of sects. Their peculiarities hurt nobody, and they are now so familiar that we hardly laugh at them. They are the last sect whom anybody would wish to persecute. When Mr. Froude has at last made up his mind who are the right people to burn, we feel sure that the inoffensive wearers of broad brims and close bonnets will still be quite safe. The law has long looked on them with special tenderness, and has rewarded their inflexible obstinacy with exceptional privileges. But proselytizing Quakers must have been quite another sort of people. They were essentially men who turned the world upside down. Papists and Protestants, Churchmen and Dissenters, chose to break one another's heads about their several dogmas, but there was nothing that really need have hindered them from joining together in the ordinary business and intercourse of life.

But the Quaker was like an early Christian among a nation of worshipers of Jupiter. Every action, every word, of daily life, public or private, contained something to offend him. A man who went over to such a sect cut himself off from the rest of mankind far more completely than if he simply went wrong about Justification by Faith or the jurisdiction of Bishops. And in those days, the Quakers made it their duty not only to abstain from what they thought wrong, but to protest against those who thought otherwise. In such a record as the one before us, we do not see the darker side of the early Quakers. Margaret Fell and her family were not likely to fall into the wildest extravagances of some of their brethren. We do not fancy them running —sometimes running naked—into churches and courts of justice, and insulting clergy and magistrates as hireling priests and unjust judges. Yet Margaret Fell herself, when she was brought within the grasp of the law, held a dialogue with her judge which no judge could be expected to put up with. Whatever was the established government in Church or State, the Quaker appeared as the common enemy of all social order. He was hateful alike to King and Protector, to Bishop and Presbyter. The persecution of the Quakers was odious, because all persecution is odious, and because the Quakers were dealt with in a way which was specially unfair. The Quaker could hardly be called a peaceable subject, but he was a loyal subject, so far as that to conspire against either King or Protector was alien from all his doctrines and feelings. And certainly no one was farther from wishing to bring in the jurisdiction of any foreign Prince, Prelate, or Potentate.

But the Quaker would not swear to anything; therefore he would not swear allegiance to the King. He would not renounce the Pope upon oath; he therefore, the antipodes to the Papist, made himself liable to the penalty ordained against Popish recusants. No wonder the Quaker complained feelingly of the horrible injustice of such treatment; but it is clear that it was thoroughly according to the letter of the law. And it should be specially remarked that the persecution of the Quakers was in no way exclusively the sin of the Monarchy or of the Episcopal Church. The Restoration only continued what the Protectorate began. Clergy, magistrates, populace, were quite as bitter, often quite as unjust, under the Protectorate as under the Monarchy. And Charles the Second, whenever he could be got at personally, was clearly more inclined to grant a little indulgence than Cromwell was. Charles underwent a good deal of preaching, both personally and by letter, from Margaret Fell, and her style, comparatively moderate as it is, was not exactly what kings are used to. She had, before that, tried Oliver. Of the two, Charles seems to have been the readier listener.

But of all Quakers and Quakeresses, let us most honor Mary Fisher, who in 1660 went all the way to Hadrianople, with the hope of converting the Grand Turk. And some honor too is owing to Mahomet the Fourth, who treated her much better than either King or Protector treated her friends in England. We have to quote at secondhand from Sewel, the Quaker historian, but the interview is too creditable to both Turk and Quaker to be passed by:

> The Turkish Emperor, having named a time when he would receive her, Sewel says:—"Being come to the camp, she was brought before the Sultan, who had his great men about him in such manner as he was used to admit ambassadors. He asked by his interpreters (whereof there were three with him), whether it was true what had been told him, that she had something to say to him from the Lord God? She answered, 'Yea.' Then he bade her speak on. She, pausing, and weightily pondering what she might say, and he, supposing she might be fearful to utter her mind before them all, asked her whether she desired that any might go aside before she spake? She answered, 'No.' He then bade her to speak the word of the Lord to them, and not to fear, for they had good hearts and could hear it. He also charged her to speak the word she had to say from the Lord, neither more nor less, for they were willing to hear it, be it what it would. Then she spoke what was upon her mind.
>
> "The Turks hearkened to her with much gravity till she had done, the Sultan asking her whether she had anything more to say. She asked him if he understood what she had said, and he answered, 'Yes, every word;' and further said, that what she had spoken was truth. Then he desired her to stay in that country, saying that they could not but respect one who had taken so much pains to come to them so far as from England with a message from the Lord God. He also proffered her a guard to convey her to Constantinople, whither she intended going. But, not accepting this offer, he assured her it was dangerous travelling alone, especially for such an one as she; and he wondered she had passed safely so far as she had; adding, that it was out of respect and kindness to her that he made the offer, that he would not for anything that she should come to the least hurt in his dominions.
>
> "She having no more to say to the Sultan, the others asked her what she thought of their prophet Mahomet? She answered, warily, that she knew him not; but Christ, the True Prophet, the Son of God, who was the light of the world, and enlightened every man coming into the world, Him she knew. And concerning Mahomet, she said they might judge of him to be true or false, according to the words and prophesies he spake; adding, 'If the word that a prophet speaketh come to pass, then shall ye know that the Lord hath sent that prophet; but if it come not to pass then shall ye know that the Lord never sent him.' The Turk confessed that she had spoken truly; and Mary, having delivered her message, departed from the camp to Constantinople, without a guard and without the least hurt or scoff. So she safely arrived in England."

After this, it is really a fall to read that Mary Fisher, instead of becoming the Chlothilda or Æthelburh—now-a-days we should say the Emma—of the Ottoman Empire, two years after "was married to William Bailey, a sea-captain, and a preacher and writer of considerable note among the Friends."

We mentioned Robert Barclay. Let us add that this volume contains a poem by "the American poet Whittier" called "Barclay of Ury," which, if it is not to be found elsewhere, would alone make the *Fells of Swarthmoor* a book worth having. Notwithstanding one or two eccentricities arising from a peculiar metre, we cannot help setting it down as one of the noblest ballads in the English language. It is unluckily too long to quote, and a single stanza or two would hardly be intelligible.

An exchange says that in view of the high price of provisions just now, people are going round exclaiming: "When shall we three meat again!"

The Boston Transcript, which alone has the news, says that a very fair house can be hired in New York for $12,000 a year.

The New York Tribune on the first instant divided among its stockholders $50,000 as the profits of four months' business. The original stock of the institution was $100,000.

A TRAGIC STORY.

Translated from the German of Chamisso.

BY THACKERAY.

There lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "the mystery I've found,—
I'll turn me round,"—he turned him round;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin
In vain; it mattered not a pin,
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and round about,
And up and down, and in and out,
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back
The pigtail hangs behind him.

(*From the New York World.*)

BOSTON BARBERS.

The Legislature of Massachusetts, not long ago, occupied an interval of bilious leisure in passing a law limiting the privileges of barbers. The decree in question ordains that henceforward no peruke shall be tittivated and no jowl of saint or sinner be shaven after ten of the clock on Sunday morning. When the church bells proclaim that hour, each tonsorial operator is forthwith to shut up shop and hie him homeward, musing upon the midday tripe and cursing the rigor of his lawgivers. We have not perused the edict, but there is little doubt that its terms are explicit and peremptory, and that if any unlucky customer happen to be freshly lathered when the clock strikes he will be left over till Monday morning, in which septuary and saponaceous interval he will unquestionably become a howling lunatic, and break bottles of tricopherous about the premises. The Puritan law-givers are by no means loose or slipshod in their decrees. When they ordain suspension of occupation at ten o'clock, the ordinance is precise and imperative. If an unlucky bran-eating reformer happen at that hour to have one lobe of his cerebrum shingledswhile the other bristles like the boar of Calydon, it is no affair of theirs. Let him go his lop-sided ways, or, if decorum restrains him, let him remain immured among puffs and sponges and glycerine pots and the Sampsonian tangle of his own half-shorn locks, till the bitterness of the Boston Sabbath be past, and the acerbity of the secular succeeds to the austerity of the sacred day.

Now that the war is over, and a vast number of vexed questions of a general character are definitely settled, the opportunities of the Massachusetts Legislature to meddle with things which do not concern it are measurably curtailed. Henceforward, instead of pouring resolutions of vague and general inapplicability upon mankind, it must be content to shower edicts upon the heads of its own constituency. It has made a mild, but, on the whole, characteristic beginning with its barbers; it will now proceed to chasten and regulate the conduct of its cooks. A legislative adjustment of the length and convolution of the sausage which the culinary domestic is permitted to broil, would be rather a neat thing in the way of a statute, and we expect to see the same adorning the records of that ancient and orthodox commonwealth forthwith. What thumb-screws of injunction will be put upon their tailors, or upon the rack of what august decree will be mangled the liberty of their cobblers, it were vain to prefigure. But sartorial and crepidary ministers alike will have to "ko-tow" to the majesty of Massachusetts law, and cut their coats and boots not so much according to their cloth and leather as according to the statute in that case made and provided.

However, we await the enactment of these laws, sumptuary and sabbatical, and refrain from further surmise. But we confess to a vague curiosity as to the effect which the decree we have alluded to will produce upon the easy shavers and artistic hair-trimmers of the modern Athens. What if there be among them a knight of brush and scissors like to Nillo, the Mediæval Florentine, who from much scraping of the chins of Rucillai and Cennini, from long converse with wit and witling, virtuoso, scholar and saint, waxed learned and controversial, and proclaimed himself aloud in the public places. Such a one might advance the standard of revolt, and rouse, by seductive promises of a clean shave and shampoo, the unshorn rabble to invade the Senate house and cast the wigs of bald legislators ignominously in the dust. What if a new Beppo de Mazin appear with his dreams of undiscovered islands—of some far-away, low-lying, dead Atlantis, waiting the advent of a commonwealth of barbers to quicken it again into bloom and fertility; or of some mystical Nephelococcygia—that fabled cloud-land of cuckoos—whereto he will lead his oppressed craftsmen and erect the Utopia of *coffuriers?* They would follow him with one accord, as the Eastern tribes followed the Magi; and the lieges, bereft of barbers, would wax hirsute as Esau. Why may not an Oliver le Dain disclose himself, lantern-jawed, deep-eyed, atrabilious, and tower above his fellows, a colossus of craft and ferocity? In either case, the arbitrary infringement of the privileges of the guild would be in some fashion avenged.

Such an advent, however, is hardly to be anticipated. Great barbers, like great warriors and poets, are rare. They do not often flame volcano-like from their surrounding craters of unguent and pomade. They are usually, alas! little, round oily men, of propitiatory aspect, who cut you and charge a shilling. It is to be feared that this invasion of their rights will become perpetual, and that henceforward, to the end of time, the Boston barber will point to civilization and civil liberty as perhaps the most thoroughly crushed and blighted objects on the globe.

The best weekly paper that comes to this office out of the city—and we are not sure that we need make this exception—is the TRENTON WEEKLY MONITOR. Its literary summary is more complete than that of any other journal we have met with.

THE GENTLEMAN IN THE PLUM-COLORED COAT.

BY DUTTON COOK.

CHAPTER I.

My aunt was the centre of an aureola of good report. She was rumored to be rich. I was strenuously bidden never to forget this fact, and to be accordingly unremitting in my attention to her. "A widow and without a family," exclaimed all my well-wishers; "what is she to do with her money if she does not leave it to her most respectful and respectable of nephews?"

My aunt resided in a quarter of the town which was fashionable about, say a century ago,—for Fashion is a vagrant deity, enjoying the rites of her altars not as freeholds in perpetuity, but on leasehold tenures for very short terms of years. Commerce and Poverty are the bailiffs that ceaselessly dog her footsteps, distrain upon her chattels, and eject her from her possessions. Yet the neighborhood in which my aunt abode, though Fashion had long since wandered miles away from it in pursuit of that aristocratic *ignis fatuus* called exclusiveness, had not suffered deeply in its respectability. The knockers, it is true, no longer trembled beneath the wrought-up energies of radiant footmen; the rumble of coronetted chariots, the shouts of loud-lunged linkmen no longer roused the echoes of the streets, but Trade as yet held aloof—a Damocles, sword hanging over the doomed district. Shops had not yet commenced to disturb façades and abolish parlors. The symptoms of fall were unmistakable. The professions had made large inroads on the place. Law and medicine had firmly fixed themselves. Art had been cutting up the first-floor windows. Charity and science were converting the larger mansions into hospitals and institutions. But the Deluge had not yet come. My aunt was secure in the respectability and repose of Abigail Place, Masham Square, in the W. C. district of the Postoffice.

When I mention repose, I would have the word understood in a qualified way. For though the vested interests of a century were respected, and the inhabitants were still at liberty to maintain posts, chains, and gates to ward off the profane vulgar, prevent the desecrating influence of cabs and carts, and generally establish as many obstacles and inconveniences to public comfort as was any way practicable—for though "No thoroughfare" was inscribed in every direction, till the streets got quite rusty and mildewed from want of use, and fringes of dank grass bedecked the paving-stones—for though a beadle was instituted and salaried for the proper preservation of order and quiet—still the repose of the place was subject to severe and degrading invasion. For alas! the beadle!—how changed from that beadle formerly governing the quietude of Abigail Place, Masham Square!—was a little withered old man in a faded uniform, off which the gold trimmings had melted like the glories of yesterday's sunset. The coat he was doomed to wear had evidently in its first construction been planned for a much larger person. He was poor and feeble, quite incapable of the martial air and over-swelling dignity proper to the British beadle. He suffered from cold

in the head, both chronic and acute in its attacks, and in defiance of all regulation proprieties would insist on disfiguring his uniform by sweltering his chin and neck in a long and many-hued comforter, terminating in worsted balls that swayed and bobbed about before him like parti-colored pippins in a high wind. The former beadle's massive staff of office, which seemed to have effervesced and burst out at the top in a large brazen bubble, had degenerated in the hands of the existing functionary into a simple bamboo, price one halfpenny. Could such a man so armed hope to make head against the army of boys that resorted to Abigail Place for "fly the garter," "hop scotch," and "three-hole" purposes? Was he not rather a byeword and a reproach amongst those intrepid juvenilities? Could he turn the assaults of grinning, white-teethed, olive-faced organ-men with performing monkeys, depressing comic singers, and "la perche" and "globe roulant" acrobats in faded fleshings? It was not to be expected of him. He acquiesced in his destiny. He let the peace of Abigail Place take care of itself. If inwardly he lamented the decadence of his official functions, he outwardly betrayed no emotion save a lively appreciation of the Prince of Orange public-house, and the joys to be there purchased at economical cost.

My aunt lived in the old bow-windowed house, No. 6, in Abigail Place.

She was an elderly lady, tall and thin, with large gaunt features and light gray eyes, stony and staring in effect. Something of a yellow tone prevailed in her general aspect, from her pale sallow complexion, and her persistence in wearing, no matter the season of the year, an Indian shawl of a tawny saffron color. Her long thin hands were always clothed with black lace mittens, through the interstices of which various jewelled rings sparkled hazily. Stiff ringlets of a dead black hue were coiled upon each side of her forehead, and confined in a manner that fostered suspicion as to their genuineness by a black velvet band, from which a large garnet set in dull gold dangled on her forehead. My aunt's occupations were few. She seldom stirred out of the house, but generally sat all the day though on a large sofa by the fire in her front parlor, with her tawny mantle on her shoulders, her jewel on her forehead—a strange combination of the turban and the night-cap on her head—employed in knitting with her thin black mittened hands, and with wooden needles of vast calibre, very strong and coarse comforters, the wool-ball in an enclosed basket at her feet, rolling and leaping about as the work required it, unwinding like a desperately active rat in a wire cage. Occasionally, too, she executed another species of work which rendered it necessary that she should insert her foot in a stirrup, and go bowing and jogging on as though she were engaged in equestrian exercise of a prolonged and energetic character. The destination of my aunt's work no one ever knew. As soon as one comforter was completed another was commenced, and by a curious inconsistency, the hotter the weather the more zealously my aunt seemed to employ herself in the manufacture of extra strong and thick comforters. Occasionally she left her seat to move to the window, and negative by severe shakings of her head the petitions of pertinacious beggars or obstinate organ-men. And now and then she indulged herself in a promenade up and down her small sitting-room, always walking very upright and joining her hands behind her in quite a quarter-deck commanding-officer sort of way. But her love of exercise was not strong, and she was more frequently to be found sitting on the sofa by the fire, knitting to the musical purring of a fat black and white cat with a pink nose, the very feline incarnation of luxurious content and selfish enjoyment.

My aunt had a favorite and confidential servant named Willis, who had lived with her for about thirty years; and, probably from this cause, and from being invested and attired in many articles weeded from my aunt's wardrobe, had acquired no inconsiderable resemblance to her. She was some years younger and stouter, and more active; but she also wore hair of dense blackness, festooned on her forehead, though unbound by a jewelled fillet. She also assumed at times much of my aunt's rigid and severe expression; wore on her head a fabric of wire and muslin, in which some type of Orientalism was traceable, and which she called a "turbot;" and rejoiced in black mittens on her hands, though of a less open and heavier material. Her respect for my aunt amounted to veneration. Her care and attention were unremitting; and my aunt rewarded the fidelity of her companion by admitting her to closer terms of intimacy and friendship than are usual between mistress and servant. Her regard for my aunt Willis also, though in a less degree, extended to her relatives. I know that I often received at her hands an amount of homage that was almost embarrassing.

It was a peculiarity shared by my aunt and Willis to clothe me with a youthfulness which was really inappropriate. My aunt invariably addressed me as "child," and Willis always preferred to give me the prefix of "master," in lieu of the more mature "mister," to which my years very fairly entitled me.

"Willis, take the child's hat," said my aunt, whenever I called to pay my respects, and inquire after her health. She never rose from her seat, but always nodded her head in a severely kind way, and held out a thin cold finger for me to shake.

"I hope you're quite well, Master ——?" inquired Willis, in a friendly, patronizing way. It was wonderful with what a schoolboy feeling I became possessed. It always seemed as likely as not that they would on some occasion invite me to spin a top, or would produce a rocking-horse for my delectation, or promise me a feast of sugared bread-and-butter if I would recite, without missing a word, "The Boy stood on the burning deck," or "My name is Norval." I know my aunt maintained a habit of furtively "tipping" me with bright silver coins long after I was eight-and-twenty years of age.

"How you do grow, Master ——," Willis would go on, good-naturedly; "quite out of all knowledge."

If she meant old, she was tolerably correct; but if, as I believe, she alluded to my height, it was a singular observation, since for many a long day no inch had been added to my stature.

I generally called upon my aunt in the evening.

Our conversation was not very well sustained. It seldom comprised more than a discussion on the weather, my aunt always maintaining that the seasons had quite changed since she was my age, with occasional digressions as to the progress of my aunt's knitting achievements, and the state of health of the black and white cat with the pink nose. At eight o'clock my aunt always put away her work, folded her hands before her, placed her feet upon the fender,—she had a fire nearly all the year round,—and sat quite still for nearly half an hour. She was not asleep; but she kept her eyes fixed on the clock over the mantelpiece. I remember that dial well; it was a curious piece of French ingenuity that did not keep very correct time, and represented the figure of a harlequin in a loose patchwork suit and black mask, carrying on his back a large drum, the side of which formed the face of the clock. It was hemmed in by a variety of grotesque china ornaments, terminating at either end of the shelf in a green dog in a gold collar,—an animal of unnatural and surpassing hideousness. My aunt watched the clock until it chirped the half-hour: she then rang the bell.

"Tea, Willis."

Soon after Willis entered with a large urn, something of the funeral form seen in cemeteries, and with large rings at the side by which to carry it: it only wanted a weeping willow over it to complete an admirable sign for a mourning shop. The teapot was a large china vessel, with a remarkable sort of basket suspended from its spout for filtering purposes. My aunt poured hot water into the pot with great solemnity. I know I always—I suppose for want of better occupation—watched the operation with considerable interest. I counted the number of spoonsful of tea put into the pot: one for my aunt, I thought,—one for me,—one for the pot,—and one—who was the fourth for? I always wondered, for she always put four in; and then I always noticed that three cups had been brought up; two of a neat ordinary pattern for my aunt and myself, and a third of much more elaborate design, richly gilded, and pictured over with glowing rosebuds and festoons of green vine-leaves and golden grapes. Who was this cup for? The process of brewing the tea was one of some duration. My aunt turned her eyes to the clock at every pause in the proceeding. It was nine o'clock by the time the tea was ready for outpouring. As the clock struck my aunt rang the bell again.

"Well, Willis?" my aunt said, inquiringly: Willis wore a vague mysterious look.

"It's nine and past," she said.

"Yes!" My aunt heaved a deep sigh.

"He 'll hardly be here now," Willis continued.

"No." My aunt looked very sad, indeed. Willis shook her head strangely and solemnly.

"He must know by this time," said my aunt.

"Of course he does," Willis answered, "unless—"

"Unless what?" My aunt looked up eagerly.

"Unless he's gone to the Northeast." Willis spoke in a low voice.

"Or to the Southeast." My aunt bowed her head in a mournful way.

"Ay, or to the Northwest," Willis went on

"Or to the Southwest." My aunt hid her face in her handkerchief. The minute-hand

(Continued on page 250)

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AFTERNOON AMUSEMENTS TO-DAY.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Philharmonic Rehearsal, 3 P. M.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—"Arrah-na-Pogue, 2 P. M.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—"Sam," 1½ P. M.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—"Don Caesar de Bazan," 3 P. M.

NEW YORK CIRCUS (late Hippotheatron.)—Robinson's bare-back riding, etc., 2½ P. M.

We give up the principal portion of our editorial space, to-day, to an exquisitely humorous sketch—"Jim Smiley and his Jumping Frog"—by Mark Twain, who will shortly become a regular contributor to our columns. Mark Twain is the assumed name of a writer in California who has long been a favorite contributor to the San Francisco press, from which his articles have been so extensively copied as to make him nearly as well known as Artemus Ward.

We have the pleasure also of introducing to our readers, this week, Mr. Josh Billings, whom we will leave to speak for himself.

Our dramatic and musical critic being unwell this week, and "FIGARO," on account of a recent affliction, not being on duty, we are obliged to substitute for that department of the paper a few simple announcements.

The opera for Monday evening at the Academy will be "Don Giovanni." This evening "Crispino e la Comare" in Brooklyn.

Mr. Forrest's next performance at Niblo's will be "Othello," which is announced for Monday evening.

Mr. J. S. Clark resumes his engagement at the Winter Garden next week, playing the part of Bob Brierly in "The Ticket of Leave Man."

The play of "Arrah-na-Pogue," which has been resumed this week at Niblo's, is made more attractive than ever by the delicious naivéte and grace with which the character of Arrah is performed by Mrs. Agnes Perry. This lady is comparatively unknown in New York, but is one of the most finished actresses in her line in the country.

Frank Chanfrau continues to draw immense crowds to the Broadway, where his "Sam" is getting to be nearly as famous as Owens' "Solon Shingle." It is rumored, by the way, that an arrangement has been made by which before the season is out Owens will return to the Broadway. Chanfrau will certainly remain, however, through the holidays, and might remain for another year.

The proprietors of the Hippotheatron in Fourteenth street have wisely changed its name to the New York Circus. It is now one of the best organized establishments of the kind in the world. One of its principal attractions, at present, is Robinson, the great bare-back rider

In reply to a correspondent, who complains that the PRESS has been deficient, for the last week or two, in what he is pleased to call "light and sprightly paragraphs," we can only say that our mood has to change, like that of others, with circumstances, and that as we do not profess to publish a comic paper we must be permitted, now and then, to be more or less serious.

(*For the Saturday Press.*)

JIM SMILEY AND HIS JUMPING FROG.

BY MARK TWAIN.

MR. A. WARD,

DEAR SIR:—Well, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and I inquired after your friend Leonidas W. Smiley, as you requested me to do, and I hereunto append the result. If you can get any information out of it you are cordially welcome to it. I have a lurking suspicion that your Leonidas W. Smiley is a myth—that you never knew such a personage, and that you only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him it would remind him of his infamous *Jim* Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was your design, Mr. Ward, it will gratify you to know that it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the little old dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Noomerang, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named Leonidas W. Smiley—Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley—a young minister of the gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of this village of Boomerang. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair—and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the quiet, gently-flowing key to which he turned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm—but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in finesse. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once:

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, some how, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first come to the camp; but anyway, he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side, and if he couldn't he'd change sides—any way that suited the other man would suit *him*—any way just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still, he was lucky—uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solitry thing mentioned but what that feller'd offer to bet on it—and take any side you please, as I was just telling you: if there was a horse race, you'd find him flush or you find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first—or if there was a camp-meeting he would be there reglar to bet on parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man; if he even see a straddle-bug start to go any wheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *anything*—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick, once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in and Smiley asked him how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Providence she'd get well yet—and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll resk two-and-a-half that she don't, anyway."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and spraddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always

fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at him you'd think he warn't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him he was a different dog—his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the for'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up—and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog just by the joint of his hind legs and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only just grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always came out winner on that pup till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he came to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He gave Smiley a look as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece, and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'on, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-terriers and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day and took him home and said he cal'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little hunch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies! Dan'l, flies," and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd done any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair-and-square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand, and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and ben everywheres all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "He's good enough for *one* thing I should judge—he can out-jump ary frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley and says, very deliberate, "Well—I don't see no points about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll resk forty dollars that he can outjump ary frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad, like, "Well—I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog—but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute I'll go and get you a frog;" and so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail-shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went out to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog and fetched him in and give him to this feller and says:

"Now if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word. Then he says, "one—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wasn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away, and when he was going out at the door he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well—*I* don't see no points about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow—and he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why blame my cats if he don't weigh five pound"—and turned him upside down, and he belched out about a double-handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And——

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front-yard, and got up to go and see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Just sit where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond Jim Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail only just a short stump like a bannanner, and——"

"O, curse Smiley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed.

Yours, truly,

MARK TWAIN.

Ned Underhill, the reporter, is delivering a comic lecture entitled "An Evening with Funny Folks." On Monday last he delighted a large audience with it in Brooklyn. Ned's next appearance will probably be in New York. We have heard him repeat portions of the lecture in private, with great effect.

On Saturday, the 25th inst., a select concert will be given at Irving Hall, by Mrs. Emma G. Bostwick, assisted by Mr. George Simpson, Mr. Edward Mollenhauer, and other well-known artists. It is the first concert announced by Mrs. Bostwick since her return to New York.

The performances at Wallack's, this evening, will be for the benefit of Mr. E. L. Davenport. The play selected for the occasion is "Love's Sacrifice." If there is an actor in town whose claims upon the public need not be urged, it is Mr. Davenport.

Mr. John Brougham makes his last appearance at the Winter Garden to night, when he will repeat the part of Captain Cuttle in 'Dombey & Son."

(Continued from page 247.)

on the harlequin's drum was stealing on to the quarter-past. My aunt roused herself.

"I should never forgive myself, if he were to come and find us unprepared for him."

Willis seemed to think the consequences of such a contingency would be utterly terrible.

"You had better go to the corner, Willis, and look out."

"Certainly."

And Willis left the room, and I could hear her go out into the street. My aunt did not speak or move, or take the slightest notice of my presence: she kept her gaze fixed to the clock. In a few minutes Willis returned. My aunt turned towards her anxiously; but the expression on Willis's countenance seemed to be a sufficient answer.

"He'll not come now," said my aunt.

"I think not."

"And the night's fine?"

"Very fine."

"Not too cold?"

"No, not too cold."

"I'm glad of that. Thank you, Willis: that will do, Willis. Put coal on, Willis. Elder-wine at ten o'clock, Willis."

And then my aunt poured out the tea.

What did this mean?

The same formula went on each time I paid my evening visit to my aunt. The same interchange of looks and words; the same question and reply; the same doubts about the North and Southeast, the North and Southwest; the same going out into the street; the same gazing at the clock; the same return alone of Willis, and observations upon the weather. What did it all mean? This was my aunt's mystery. In vain I sought some explanation of the enigma; in vain I tried to dissipate the clouds about it by some reasonable solution; in vain I put the case to my friends, and besought their views in regard to it. I was only recommended to boldly inquire of my aunt. It was a long time before I could make up my mind to adopt this course. At length human patience could survive it no longer.

"Whom do you expect, aunt?" I boldly broke out with one evening, after a more than usually provoking performance of the mystery.

"Hush, Master ——," cried Willis, with a frightened gesture.

"Children should not ask questions," said my aunt grimly, and with a petrified look about her eyes. She was seriously offended; she did not speak to me again that evening. At ten o'clock she took her usual refreshment of a glass of hot inky-looking elder-wine, and a stick of dry toast, and then was led away to bed by Willis.

I never dared to repeat the inquiry. People said my aunt was mad,—"had a loose slate," was the expression—and satisfied themselves with that explanation, but it never satisfied me. That some fixed notion absorbed her, that her whole faculties were concentrated upon one particular idea, seemed likely. Yet this, "though it lacked form a little, was not like madness."

CHAPTER II.

To reach the root of an old tree one must dig down very deep.

To arrive at the commencement of my aunt's mystery, I have to turn back a good many pages of Time's chronicles.

I have to revert to days when those extinct marvels called Tory gentlemen, over deep glasses of fiery Port, held "Boney" in stinging derision; when an elderly prince, corpulently *débonnaire*, with a strong feeling for auburn wigs and massive, balustrade-like calves, swayed the destiny of Britain as deputy for a more elderly king, whom mental embarrassment had constrained to retire from the business; when Lawrence was painting glittering-eyed, carmine-lipped, satin-skinned women; when Canova was chiselling florescent compromises between the antique nymph and the modern flirt; when Byron was dropping at intervals his red-hot shells of poems upon amazed London.

It is not with London that I have to deal, however, but with the classic city founded by Bladud, son of Lud Hudibras, eighth King of the Britons—with Bath, of hot-spring and pump-room fame, shining fair and clean amid its hills, like a lump of white sugar in a green cup.

There is quite a blazing forest of wax-candles in the Assembly Room, rapidly filling with a most distinguished company. The clatter of dance-music rings through the elegant *salon*, making the very glass beads of the chandeliers jump and click themselves together. The master of the ceremonies is in the extremest agonies of his office. He shuffles and deals out the company like a conjuror with his cards, never once loses sight of the more eligible or trumps, and winning all sorts of odd tricks by his adroitness and sleight of hand.

I desire to point out a young lady making her *début* at this ball. She is tall and slight, not ungraceful. She is not beautiful, but attractive from her amiable, subdued, rather shy expression. Her attire is in the mode of the day; the dress scanty in quantity, and peculiar in form—"gored" I believe to be the correct term for the breadths of a dress cut narrower at the top than at the bottom of the skirt. Globular puffs of muslin form the sleeves of the frock, and white kid gloves, almost as long as stockings, enclose her arms. She carries a very small fan, and wears a short waist, girded by a bright-colored sash, tied in a bow at the back, and flowing off into streamers, like a duplex blue-peter floating from the fore. Her head appears to be regarded rather as a foundation for further height, than as the capital of the human figure. There is quite a square half-foot of tortoise-shell erected on her crown, and from this arises elaborate plaits of hair, bunches of ribbon, and garlands of very small daisies. Cataracts of small crisp curls gush on to her temples: long gold drops depend from her ears, and strings of coral beads set off the white of her neck. The dress is short enough to display amply very neat feet and ancles, in open-work net stockings and white satin sandals ingeniously tied with many cross-foldings. The effect of such a costume in a modern ball-room would be, perhaps a little startling: at the period I refer to it was most modestly *en régle*.

She was timid and shy: it was her first ball. From a quiet country-house in the most retired part of Somersetshire she had been transplanted into the festive city of Bath, and she found the air a little overcharged and feverish, a little over-scented with pommade, a little deficient in freshness altogether. And a great difficulty was startling her mind, as it was disturbing the discriminations of very many respectable people in those days—for it was a serious, earnest, vital question: accordingly as the young lady made answer was her fate to be decided; she was to be either banned as a prude, or launched as a coquette. And this was the question: *Was waltzing proper?* There was no escape from giving a reply. The thing must be classified under one or other of those very English divisions—it was "proper," or it was "shocking!"

The young lady was much moved by this question. She had fairly walked into the Rubicon, but could not make up her mind whether she should cross over or walk back again. She had learnt the step, but then she had only performed the dance with other young ladies, fair, shy, and trembling like herself. She had not yet yielded her waist to the arm of the male waltzer. Should she now submit? The question could be no longer begged, for the stupendous master of the ceremonies was approaching, and leading towards her a gentleman, evidently a dancer, and the orchestra had struck up that defunct air, "Lieber Augustin," one of the first waltzes imported. I shall not attempt to describe further the master of the ceremonies; for though but a dim representative of that renowned Beau Nash, whose sceptre he swayed, I feel that so great a subject cannot fittingly be treated episodically. I turn, therefore, to the gentleman who is being pioneered so dexterously through the crowded throngs of the ball-room.

It was rather a transitional period. "The blood," was dying out—the fighting, strong, swaggering, hard-headed, muscular blood was fairly going out of fashion. "The swell" was not born or thought of, being entirely of a nobility of recent creation. There were the interim stages of the "buck" and the "dandy." Effeminacy was the vogue, inanity the ruling mode. Gentlemen boasted of their weak nerves, interchanged vapid Brummelisms, padded their limbs and shoulders, plastered curls on their foreheads, even to their eyebrows, splashed about *Eau de Cologne* to keep off the odor of "low people," wore stays, and bragged as having done a daring coarse thing, that they "had once eat a pea!" The man of fashion of that day was not altogether a thing to be very highly respected.

The gentleman in the care of the master of the ceremonies was an average specimen of his class. He was as good-looking, according to the modern views, as his costume would permit him to be. "Knees and silks" were becoming the peculiar properties of the professions and of old gentlemen. Pantaloons were the intermediate step to the trousers of to-day. Necks were worn long, and muslined and buckramed to a point that seemed to put life in peril. The bow of the neck-tie was a thing on which to stake a reputation—to accomplish, and then die. Waists were short, and heavy watch-chains hung from the fob-pockets, weighted with bunches of massive seals and keys. Pumps were the fashion, with ribbed silk stockings. A luxuriant foliage of frilling flourished upon the bosom, and violet-hued waistcoats were worn with false

collars of supposititious other waistcoats appearing above the genuine. The gentleman I am referring to wore a bright green silk "vest," crowned by a collar of red, and then a collar of white. His coat was long, narrow, and pointed at the tails—very tight in its sleeves, very rolling in its collar—very much puffed up on the shoulders. It was decorated with gilt basket-buttons, and its color was plum—a vivid and fruity plum.

The lady, speechless and trembling, hardly knowing what she did, yielded to the entreaties of the master of the ceremonies—to the polite application of the gentleman. In a sort of unconscious way she stood up to join in the dance. The gentleman, appreciating her trouble and diffidence, considerately zoned her waist with his arm in a firm, decided manner, and they started off on their revolving exploit. They succeeded, for they were both excellent dancers. The room paused to witness their wonderful circling career. There was a loud buzz of "admirable!" Only a few severe ladies, with strong prejudices in favor of the "Gavotte," "Sir Roger," and "The Tank," growled out lowly, but intensely, "Shocking!" The master of the ceremonies condescended to congratulate the dancers on their triumph. Such a thing was almost without precedent.

Between the lady and the gentleman, however, little conversation passed, for dancing and talking are not altogether compatible. Once he asked her if she would take some negus; once he admired her fan; once he inquired if she didn't think the room hot; and when they parted for the evening he muttered an incomplete sentence, something about his regret that an acquaintance so delightfully begun should cease so suddenly, and that if the devotion of a life——; but here a lurch in the crush-room snapped the sense of the observation, and parted the lady and gentleman. He jerked out, "Too bad, 'pon honor!" put his quizzing-glass to his eye, and went to look out for some more supper—for romance only defers, it does not satiate the appetite.

The lady went home, and in due time sank back into her retired country life. She always thought of her evening in the Bath ball-room, as one of the most important events in her life; she often dreamt of her partner, the gentleman in the plum-colored coat; she was never tired of talking of him. Often she dwelt upon the delights of her first waltz; often she looked in subsequent ball-rooms for that exquisite partner in the plum-colored coat. She made all sorts of inquiries about him; sought to ascertain his name—his place of abode—but not successfully. She was unable to fix upon him any more definite title than that of the gentleman in the plum-colored coat.

After a lapse of some years, the young lady was sought in marriage, and duly led to the altar by a gentleman returned from the East Indies, with a reputation of being "a nabob." Her heart was not greatly in the business; but with that, of course, nobody had anything to do. The nabob was not of a very amiable disposition, and did not treat his wife too tenderly; he was a violent, turgid, cruel man, with no thought but for himself. The kindest action he ever performed towards his poor frightened wife was when, thirty-five years after his marriage, he made her his widow, and was interred with extraordinary pomp in the vaults of Marylebone Church.

The widow bore her bereavement like King Claudius, "with wisest sorrow;" she sold off a great deal of her large cumbrous furniture, and with the rest, and a faithful old servant who had been with her almost from her marriage, and who, as the reader will have inferred, bore the name of Willis, settled down in a quiet and respectable street known as Abigail Place, Masham Square, W. C.

CHAPTER III.

One day I had seen the formula of the mystery for the last time. My poor old aunt, in a quiet, painless illness, had passed away. Willis was in a very great distress.

"Ah! Master ——, she was the kindest, truest, goodest mistress that ever was." Willis sobbed piteously. "I shall never find such another; never—never! Poor soul, it's a comfort to think that she didn't want for nothing. It's a consolation to reflect on, that is. Her wants weren't many, but she had them all supplied."

A thought occurred to me.

"Not all," I said.

Willis looked up inquiringly through her tears.

"*He* didn't come."

Willis started, and turned quite pale.

"O Master ——, how did you know anything about it?"

"I know all," I said.

It was a shameful artifice. I assumed a mysterious, solemn, and meaning air, that quite imposed upon Willis, and led her on to forget her sorrows in conversation. Gradually the narrative of the Bath ball-room came from her. On the particulars gathered from Willis I have founded that portion of my story. As the reader has no doubt conjectured, the lady who waltzed with the gentleman in the plum-colored coat was my aunt.

"Ah, Master ——," Willis went on, shaking her head to and fro, pathetically, "my poor mistress had a sad time of it. Her late husband was a hard, hard man. He'd been accustomed to such slave-driving ways in the Ingies, he couldn't treat a simple English lady properly. My poor mistress was often very sad and wretched about him, and sat alone, and thought and cried over her young days, and how quiet and happy they were; and often she talked of the ball at Bath, and her dancing and her partner there. And then five years after my master died she had a long, long illness, and her head was a good bit troubled; and when she recovered, which wasn't for ever so long, she got to rambling back to her young times more than ever, and her memory was touched like, and she could only recollect the things which happened quite far back. Then she would be always talking of the Bath gentleman, and she got it fixed in her mind that she should meet him again even yet; and that now she was free again, he would make her an offer of his hand, in pledge of the devotion of a life, and they would be married, and happy at last. She got to be forever talking of this, and wanting to make fresh inquiries, and try and find him out. At last, old Mrs. Luff came here one day to do some charing work, and she was full of a wise-woman living next door to her in Brooker's Buildings.

"A what?"

"A wise-woman—a good woman, some calls them—who knew everything, could do all sorts of conjuring tricks, tell you all you'd done, bless you, in the whole course of your life, and predict the future by looking in tea-cups and spreading out packs of cards. Well, my mistress heard of this, and at last made up her mind to see the woman, and try if she could tell her where the gentleman was to be found. Well, they had long consultations, and my mistress gave the woman all sorts of things to work the spells with, as she called it: now it was cold meat, now it was gowns, now stout, now bonnets, and now it was one of every coin of the realm, to be left on the door-step at the full moon, and to be gone by the morning—took by the spirits, she said. Well, at last she gave her prediction. It was about time, for it had cost ever so much money. She said that my mistress and the gentleman would be sure to meet again, and would be happy; that the gentleman was travelling, but the stars wouldn't quite tell her where; that he must be written to, and that as it stood to reason he must be either in the North, South, East, or West, four letters must be sent so addressed, and one would be sure to reach him."

"And my aunt wrote?"

"Yes, Master ——; she wrote four letters; they were all alike. She kept a copy of what she wrote; I know where to find it—I'll show it to you."

She produced a sheet of notepaper, written upon in my aunt's cramped, irregular writing. The letter ran thus:

DEAR SIR,—Many years ago you may remember meeting the present writer at a ball in Bath. I wore a lace frock over white silk, with a blue sash. You were dressed in a green waistcoat and a plum-colored coat. I have been married, but my husband is dead, and I am now free again. Pray come and see me. There is nothing now to prevent our union.

Your affectionate

SARAH ARABELLA.

P. S.—I address this from the house with the bow-window. Recollect this, please, as there are four number sixes.

There was no date, nor was the address given, and my aunt had apparently only signed her Christian names.

"How were the letters directed?"

"Simply 'To the Gentleman in the Plum-colored Coat, North, South, East, West.'"

"Well?"

"Well, we were to post the letters at the most distant London postoffices we could find. My mistress hired a fly and went round posting her letters. One was put in at Camberwell, one at Islington, one at Kensington, and one in Whitechapel. The wise-woman was told of this, and said we had done quite right. My mistress then gave her her sable boa and muff, and she then predicted that the gentleman would arrive in a very few days and that he would appear precisely at tea-time, at nine o'clock."

"He didn't come?"

"He didn't indeed, Master ——! But my mistress was always expecting him. When after a few weeks she got tired a little, she sent again to the wise-woman to try to learn more about him. But the woman had left the neighborhood suddenly, and we couldn't find out where she had moved to. Then we had a great deal of talking over of the matter, and my mistress wouldn't give up that he would

come yet, but was only frightened about his having gone to the Northeast or Northwest, or to the Southeast or Southwest, and so not got the letters. So she expected him and made tea for him, and waited, and sent me out to look for him every night, poor thing, right up to her death last Tuesday."

"And did you expect him, Willis?"

"Well, Master ——! what with the wise woman, and my mistress, and the incessant talking about him, and the perpetual wondering whether and when he'd come, I got to think of it at last as true and likely, and to actually believe that he would come. Ah! it's a sad business to think that she should have have died and not seen him again after all? Poor soul! poor soul!"

And Willis gave way again to her tears.

My aunt's mystery was explained.

Her mind, never very strong, in the last years of her life still further weakened by wear, and shattered and crazed by grief and illness, had strayed back to the one happy passage in her rather dull and doleful life, and clung to it with a tenacity which only death could relax. The desire to meet again her first waltz partner had swelled and ripened into a confirmed monomania.

I never read in the newspapers of a fortune-teller taken up for swindling, but I think of the wise-woman who preyed upon my aunt, and trust that the worthy magistrate will deal out the law with the utmost rigor. I never see a stout old gentleman, curly in wig and hat-rim, tight in his girths, and with a general savor of the regency buck about him, decking the window of a St. James's street club, or taking very cautious promenades in Pall-Mall, but I ask myself whether it is possible he could have been the gentleman who wore the plum-colored coat and waltzed with my aunt at the Bath ball in 18—.

I may mention that my aunt's wealth had been the subject of a grievous exaggeration. The nabob had played highly, and at his death left his widow little more than a comfortable annuity, which died with her. Of her savings, however, there was enough to secure a small pension for the faithful Willis. All that I received—at any rate, all that I now possess—of my aunt's property is comprised in my chimney decorations: the French harlequin with the drum-clock, and the hideous green china dogs—*Once-a-Week*.

MORE COPY.

A PARODY ON POE'S RAVEN.

Once in August, wet and dreary, sat this writer, weak and weary, pondering o'er a memorandum book of items used before—book of scrawling head notes, rather—items, taken days to gather them in hot and sultry weather (using up much time and leather), pondered we these items o'er. While we conn'd them, slowly rocking (through our mind queer ideas flocking), came a quick and nervous knocking—knocking at the sanctum door. "Sure, that must be Jinks," we muttered—"Jinks that's knocking at our door; Jinks, the everlasting bore."

Ah, well do we remind us, in the walls which then confined us, the "exchanges" lay behind us, and before us, and around us, o'er the floor. Thinks we "Jinks wants to borrow some papers till to-morrow, and 'twill be relief from sorrow to get rid of Jinks, the bore, by opening wide the door." Still the visitor kept knocking—knocking louder than before.

And the scattered piles of papers cut some rather curious capers, being lifted by the breezes coming through another door; and we wished (the wish was evil, for one deemed always civil) that Jinks was at the d——l, to stay there evermore; there to find his level—Jinks, the nerve-unstringing bore!

Bracing up our patience firmer, then, without another murmur: "Mr. Jinks, your pardon, your forgiveness we implore. But, the fact is, we were reading of some curious proceeding, and thus it was, unheeding your loud knocking there before——." Here we opened wide the door. But phancy, now, our pheelinks—for it wasn't Jinks, the bore,—Jinks, nameless evermore!

But the form that stood before us, caused a trembling to come o'er us, and mem'ry bore us back again to days of yore: days when "items" were in plenty, and where'er this writer went he picked up interesting items by the score. 'Twas the form of our "devil," in an attitude uncivil; and he thrust his head within the open door, with "The foreman's OUT o' COPY, sir! and says he wants some more!" Yes, like Alexander, wanted "more!"

Now, this "local" had already walked about till nearly dead—he had sauntered through the city till his feet were very sore—walked through the street called Dauphin, and the by-ways running off into the portions of the city both public and obscure; had examined store and cellar, and had questioned every "feller" whom we met, from door to door, if anything was stirring—any accidents occurring — not published heretofore — and met with no success; he would rather kinder guess he felt a little wicked at that ugly little bore, with his message from the foreman that he wanted "something more."

"Now, it's time you were departing, you scamp!" cried we, upstarting; "get you back into the office—office where you were before—or the words which you have spoken will get your bones all broken" (and we seized a cudgel, oaken, that was lying on the floor).—"Take your hands out of your pockets, and leave the sanctum door; tell the foreman there is no copy, you ugly little bore." Quoth the devil, "Send him more."

And our devil, never sitting, still is flitting still is flitting back and forth upon the landing just outside our sanctum door. Tears adown his cheeks are streaming—strange light from his eyes is beaming—and his voice is heard, still screaming, "Sir, the foreman wants some more!" And our soul, pierced with that screaming, is awakened from its dreaming, and has lost the peaceful feeling it had before; for the fancy which comes o'er us, that each reader's face before us, bears the horrid words—"We want a little more!" Words on their foreheads glaring, "Your funny column needs a little more!"—*Anon.*

A small volume of the poems of George Arnold will shortly be published under the editorial supervision of his friend William Winter.

ALONE BY THE HEARTH.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Here, in my snug little fire-lit chamber,
Sit I alone;
And, as I gaze in the coals, I remember
Days long agone.

Saddening it is when the night has descended,
Thus to sit here,
Pensively musing on episodes, ended
Many a year.

Still in my visions a golden-haired glory
Flits to and fro;
She whom I loved—but 'tis just the old story,
Dead, long ago!

'Tis but the wraith of a love; yet I linger
(Thus passion errs),
Foolishly kissing the ring on my finger—
Once it was hers.

Nothing has changed since her spirit departed,
Here in this room—
Save I, who, weary, and half broken-hearted,
Sit in the gloom.

Loud 'gainst the window the Winter rain dashes,
Dreary and cold;
Over the floor the red fire-light flashes
Just as of old.

Just as of old—but the embers are scattered,
Whose ruddy blaze
Flashed o'er the floor where her fairy feet pattered
In other days!

Then, her dear voice, like a silver-chime ringing,
Melted away;
Often these walls have re-echoed her singing,
Now hushed for aye!

Why should love bring nought but sorrow, I wonder?
Everything dies!
Time and Death, sooner or later, must sunder
Holiest ties.

Years have rolled by; I am wiser and older—
Wiser, but yet
Not till my heart and its feelings grow colder,
Can I forget.

So, in my snug little fire-lit chamber,
Sit I, alone;
And, as I gaze in the coals, I remember
Days long agone!

A FACETIOUS EPITAPH.

A correspondent of the London *Athenæum* favors the readers of that journal with the following:

"While some philosophers seek information in the Far West, and others in the not much nearer East; one perchance reducing eccentric arrowheads to a civilized alphabet, another metamorphozing emblematic pitch-forks, tom cats, &c., of 2000 A. M. into sensation novels of the period—a third studying the customs and annals of pre-historic America by the aid of Aztec pots and pipkins—it has been the happy of the undersigned, with no greater effort than a short railway journey and a pleasant walk, to light upon a treasure of antiquity which may not be without interest to some of your readers. The internal evidence of the following lines is sufficient to show what they purport to be, viz., the epitaph of an accomplished parish officer at Crayford, in Kent. They run as follows:

"'Here lieth the body of
Peter Isnell.
(30 years Clerk of this Parish.)

"'He lived respected as a pious and mirthful man, and died on his way to Church to assist at a Wedding on the 31st day of March, 1811; aged 70 years.

"'The inhabitants of Crayford have raised this stone to his cheerful memory and as a tribute to his long and faithful services.

"'The life of this *Clerk* was just three score and ten
Nearly half of which time he had sung out *Amen*:
In his Youth he was married, like other young men,
But his wife died one day, so he chanted *Amen*;
A second he took, she departed, what then?
He married and buried a third with *Amen*.
Thus his joys and his sorrows were *Trebled*, but then
His Voice was deep *Bass* as he sung out *Amen*;
On the *horn* he could blow as well as most men,
So his *horn* was exalted in blowing *Amen*;
But he lost all his *Wind* after three score and ten,
And here with three wives, he waits till again
The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out *Amen*.

"Lest I should be suspected of any unworthy motive, either the love of trickery or the desire of gain, I beg to state—first, that I actually copied this inscription a few days ago from a tombstone in Crayford Churchyard; secondly, that I am not interested in any railway that can benefit by the unprecedented rush of visitors which so remarkable a discovery must occasion."

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The peculiar qualities of these CELEBRATED IN STRUMENTS are:

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II. Evenness throughout the Scale.
III. Excellent Singing Quality.
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VI. The Power of Standing in Tune much longer than any Piano ever before made.

No instrument of this make is deemed fit for sale unless combining every one of the foregoing truly desirable features.

As proof of the estimation in which the Pianofortes made under the Decker patent are held the following critical notices from the press, together with the plain-spoken testimonials of leading artists and professors, are respectfully subjoined.

From the N. Y. Tribune, April 23, 1864.

By correcting the only imperfections arising from the use of the full iron-plate, and that, too, by not detracting in the slightest degree from its many positive advantages, the Messrs. Decker have developed in their instruments a tone at once admirable for its purity, fullness, prolongation, and sweetness, and the high estimation in which their improvement is held is well shown in the rapidly increasing business of their firm.

From the N. Y. World, Dec. 27, 1864.

The Decker instrument is thoroughly excellent and h acknowledged favorite with most professional players.

From the Musical Review and World, June 4, 1864.

Messrs. Decker Brothers, although but a few years esta. blished, have at once placed themselves on a footing with the most renowned makers of this city, and their career has been one series of successes with the public at large as well as with the *connoisseurs*. Thus earnestness of purpose, thorough knowledge, and inventive power, combined with modesty, have again proved to be the true lever of success.

TESTIMONIALS

FROM THE

MOST DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS.

After having examined the Pianofortes of Messrs. Decker Brothers, very carefully, we have come to the conclusion and cheerfully testify that they are in every respect superior instruments. Their tone is pure, rich, brilliant, very distinct, and of an entirely musical character. Their workmanship is of the very best, plainly demonstrating that none but the very best materials are used, and their touch, evenness and quality of tone throughout the whole compass of the key-board unsurpassed by any other Pianoforte we have ever seen.

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William Mason. F. L. Ritter.
Charles Fradel. Karl Klauser.

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DIRECTOR ..... MAX MARETZEK.
ITALIAN OPERA.

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REPERTOIRE OF THE WEEK:
ON MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 20th.
Will be produced Mozart's immortal master-work,
DON GIOVANNI.
MLLE. CAROZZI-ZUCCHI,
MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG,
MLLE. FICHER, SIGNOR IRFRE,
SIG. BELLINI, SIG. ROVERE, SIG. DUBREUIL.
Conductor..... .....CARL BERGMANN.
TUESDAY, Nov. 21st, CRISPINO E LA COMARE.
WEDNESDAY, Nov. 22d,, ERNANI.
THURSDAY—OPERA IN BROOKLYN—FRA DIAVOLO.
FRIDAY, Nov. 24th, SONNAMBULA.
SATURDAY, GRAND MATINEE—DIAVOLO.
In active preparation, Meyerbeer's last work,
L'AFRICAINE.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—PUBLIC

REHEARSAL No. 4, at the
ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
ON SATURDAY, NOV. 18,
at 3 o'clock, P. M.
ADMISSION 50 CENTS.
Tickets for Sale at the Principal Music Stores.
Subscriptions received at Scharfenberg & Luis, 758 Broadway, and Beer & Schirmer, 701 Broadway.
L. SPIER, Secretary.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY

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This SATURDAY Afternoon, Nov. 18th, commencing at 2 o'clock, and Evening, commencing quarter to 8,
The Great Spectacular Irish Drama,
ARRAH-NA-POGUE.
J. H. GLENNEY..... ....as.....Shaun, the Post
With the Song of "Wearing of the Green," published by Dodworth, 8 Astor Place.
The piece produced with entirely new Scenical effects, Mechanical Contrivances, Appointments, Characteristic Costumes, and a
PERFECT CAST.
MONDAY,
EDWIN FORREST as OTHELLO.
Admission, 75 cents; Reserved Seats, $1; Family Circle, (entrance on Crosby street), 30 cents.
Seats Secured Six Days in Advance.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—

CROWDED EVERY NIGHT.

F. S. CHANFRAU.... ....as.....SAM
F. S. CHANFRAU.....as.....SAM
A MARVELLOUS PERSONATION,
Which has now been honored with the unqualified praises of the entire press, and of multitudinous audiences
FOR SEVEN WEEKS.

EVERY EVENING AND SATURDAY AFTERNOON,
DE WALDEN'S SPLENDID COMEDY OF
SAM,
CHANFRAU..... .....as.....SAM
MISS OLIVE LOGAN.....as..... .....LAURA
ADMISSION, FIFTY CENTS.
To avoid the crowd secure seats in advance.
SEVENTH SAM MATINEE SATURDAY.
Doors open at 1 P. M.; begins at 1½.

WINTER GARDEN.

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THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING
LAST NIGHT
OF
JOHN BROUGHAM,
when he will appear as
CAPTAIN CUTTLE,
IN
DOMBEY AND SON.

MONDAY, Nov. 20th
MR. J. S. CLARKE
will appear as
BOB BRIERLY,
in Tom Taylor's world-renowned play of
THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

WALLACK'S.—

Proprietor and Manager .....Mr. LESTER WALLACK.

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SATURDAY,
BENEFIT OF MR. E. L. DAVENPORT.
LOVE'S SACRIFICE,
In which will appear Messrs E. L. Davenport, J. Gilbert, C. Fisher, Holston, Ringgold, Norton, Pope, Graham, Ward, Miss M. Henriques, Mrs. John Sefton, Miss Ione Burke and Miss Barrett

MONDAY,
A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Mr. J. W. WALLACK will shortly make his first appearance. The debut of Mr. FREDERICK ROBINSON will be duly announced.

Mr. Lester Wallack has received from Mr. Webster, of the Royal Adelphi Theatre London, a Drama of intense interest and powerful effects, which will be speedily produced.

AMUSEMENTS.

IRVING HALL.

MRS. EMMA GILLINGHAM BOSTWICK.

At the request of her many friends in this city, will give one Concert (the first since her return to New York) on Saturday Evening, November 25th, 1865.

Mrs. Bostwick will be assisted by the following eminent artists.

MAD. ABEL, the distinguished Pianiste.
MR. GEORGE SIMPSON, Tenor.
MR. EDWARD MOLLENHAUER, Violinist.
MR. H. C. TIMM, Conductor.

Tickets $1 00 each. Reserved Seats 50 cents extra.

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Every night at 8, and on
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MAGNIFICENT FAIRY SPECTACLE,
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.
MRS. JOHN WOOD,
as the Princess Isabelle.
SUPPORTED BY A POWERFUL CAST.
Concluding with a
GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE.
THE FAVORITE DANSEUSE M'LLE AUGUSTA.
The performances will commence with
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the world-renowned bare-back Equestrian.
MR. CHARLES SHERWOOD,
the elegant and classical Rider.
MADAME VIRGINIA,
the celebrated Equestrienne.
MR. JOHN FOSTER,
the New York favorite and funniest of Clowns.
PROF. LONGWORTHY,
the refined "Master of the Circle."
MISS AMELIA—the Charming Vocalist.
MASTER CHAS. SHERWOOD—the Boy Wonder,
together with a numerous
CORPS OF AUXILIARIES
who will appear in the
LARGE AND SPLENDID ARENA
Previous to which the Domestic Drama of the
CROSS OF GOLD,
or the OLD OAK OF CROISSEY.
Characters by the
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THE ROUND TABLE

FOR THIS WEEK CONTAINS
THE LAST POEM WRITTEN BY
GEORGE ARNOLD,
ENTITLED
THE MATRON YEAR.
ALSO,
A POEM ON
THE BURIAL OF GEORGE ARNOLD
BY
EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.
EVERY NEWS-DEALER HAS IT FOR SAL .

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NUMBER I. OF THE
NEW COMIC PAPER,
"THE LITTLE JOKER,"
REPLETE WITH
FUN, WIT, HUMOR, AND SATIRE

☞ Among numerous others, the following will contribute to ts columns:
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ORPHEUS C. KERR,
JOSEPH BARBER, ETC.

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